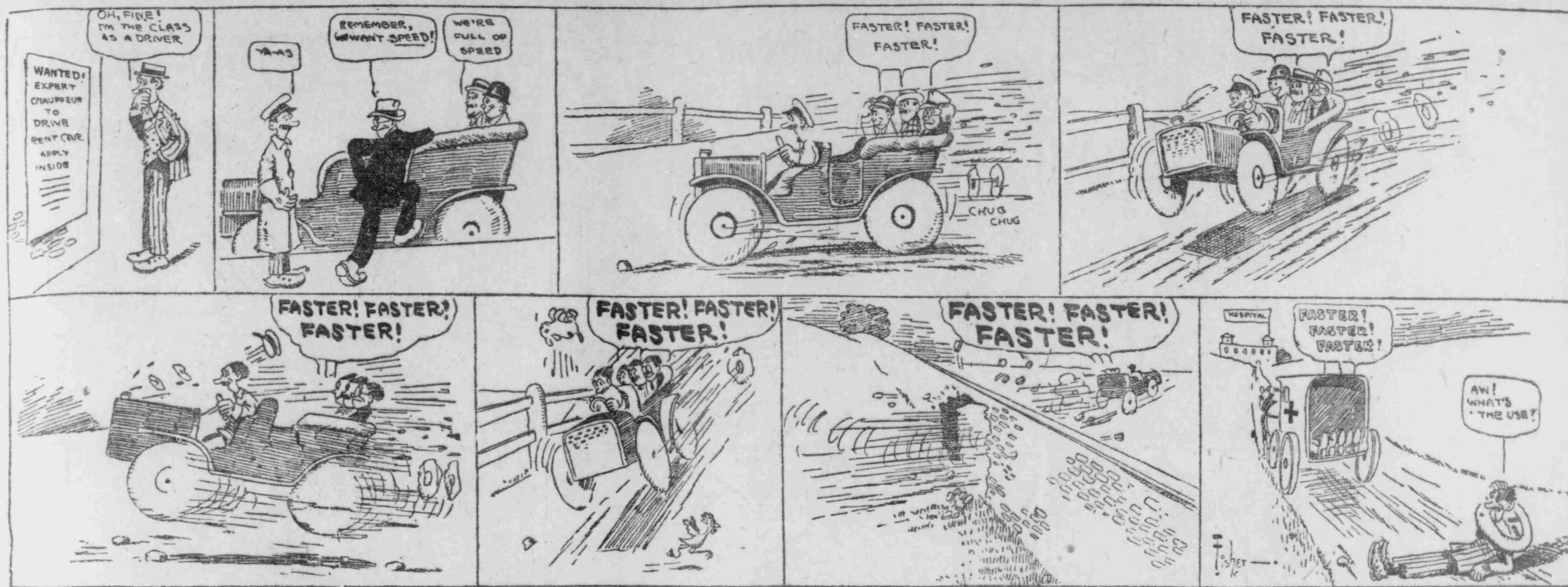


Best Wit and Humor by Famous Artists for Young and Old

Oh! What's the Use—Mutt Can't Even Make Good with the Speed Maniacs



Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

WEN Pa calm hoam last nite, Ma sed. Ware is the sixteen (16) dollars which you was going to give me for a new hat?

Wait a minute, sed Pa. Wait till I show you wat I have did with that sixteen (16) dollars. This is how I spent it, sed Pa. & if you, in yure narrow woman way, cant see why I was just-fied in doing it, then you can go & soak yure head, sed Pa.

Then Pa began for to un-wrap a package which he had brought hoam from down town. It was a rifle. A rifle is a gun which doesnt shoot shot.

Hevings above, sed Ma, wat is that? That is a rifle, sed Pa, a 32-23. With this rifle, Pa sed, I can drive a bullet thru Jack Johnson's skull. With this rifle, Pa sed, I can make any Numidian lion which ever took Numidia for a sleeping powder, or any other lion, drop did in his tracks. Goodbye, dear wife, sed Pa. Cum & have a last fond embrace.

Ware are you going now? sed Ma. I am going away, Pa sed. I am going to Afriky. Farewell, fair wife, sed Pa. You & me has been true lovers, worshipping each other day & night like Antony & Cleopatra, though I doubt, Pa sed, if they ever had such awful run-ins as we have had in our time. Goodbye, little Bobbie, sed Pa. I'll see you in the big league. Doant sign any contracts till you hear from me, Pa sed.

Wat is all this nonsense? sed Ma. Wat

to And Old Dave Livingston. So now, sed Pa. It is up to me to go back there & lead the league in shooting onst moar. It must never be sed, Pa told Ma, that any man has out-shot me, half-shot me, or anything else. Fare thee well, sed Pa. Doant you make any false starts, sed Ma. I aint quite sure wat you mean by all this drivat about shooting lions, and I doant understand wat you mean wen you say you was in Afriky. Give me that gun, sed Ma. I cannot, sed Pa. How can I go to Afriky to shoot lions wen this weppon is in my wife's possesshun.

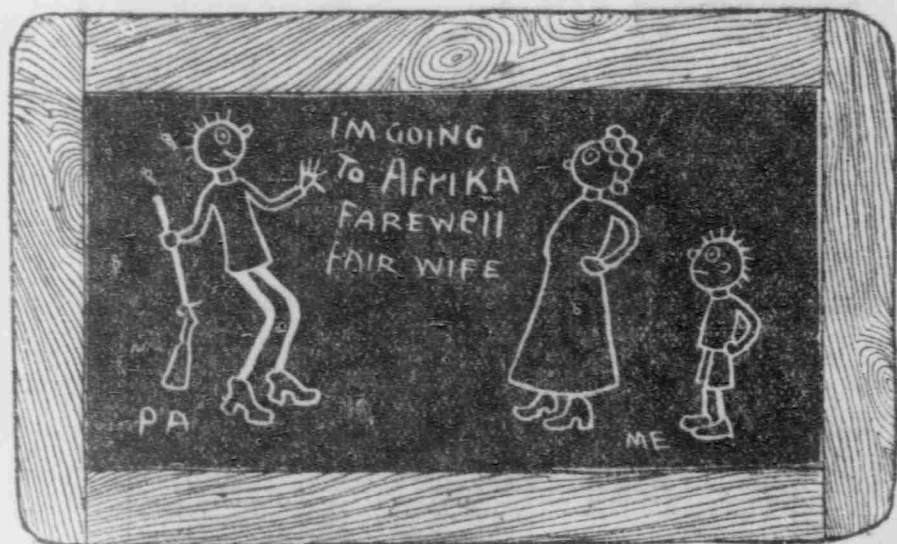
How wud it be for me to go with you? sed Ma. Let me go along & carry the gun, sed Ma.

That sudden do, sed Pa. I must start at onst. Besides, sed Pa, wat wud becom of little Bobbie. For hevings sake, Pa said, let me start now. Every time I think of Mister Roosevelt killing three (3) lions, the old murder instink cums oaver me, Pa sed, & I see red. I tell you I see red, woman.

I guess it is green that you see, sed Ma. I guess you want to go down to the poker club. Give me that rifle, sed Ma. Then Ma took the rifle away from Pa.

Pa never wins from Ma. Wen she took the rifle away from him, he beegan to walk up & down the floor & he sed Think of it, think of it! Even little Kermit, sed Pa, killed a cheetah, & I cant go oaver there & kill anything.

I think little Kermit's father, or sum



is all this terribul spouting which you are doing?

Havent you read the morning papers? sed Pa. Havent you saw how Mister Roosevelt tied his record wen I was oaver in Afriky with Henry Stanley? Think if it, sed Pa. He killed three (3) lions with three (3) shots, which is just wat I did wen Henry & me was trying

press agent, is a cheetah, sed Ma. & I think you are a cheetah too. If all cheetahs was killed, Ma sed, there wud be many & many a widow.

Ma has galy me the un & I am going out to-morrow to see if I can kill a squirl in Central Park. Maybe I can kill three (3) of them with three (3) shots.

In the Midst of Alarms

By James J. Montague

"Life in the jungle is safer than in New York."—Prof. Wm C. Bee'e

THOUGH the prowling panther passes through the jungle's dank morasses, Though the snarlsome, quarrelsome cheetah slinks about in quest of prey, Though the gliding pythons tarry to entangle the unwary,

Still, the jungle has no terrors like the life along Broadway.

What's a raring, tearing lion to a frenzied chauffeur Passing over prostrate persons and departing in a blur? What's the leopard of a leopard in the wilds of Zanzibar To the crushing crunch and crumple in a Harlem subway car? Boos bite you, rhinos fright you, cobras suing from every spray, But the jungle's wholly harmless when compared to old Broadway.

WHEN an elephant's emotion thrills his cosmos with the notion That unwritten law requires that he slash and maim and slay, There are sheltering trees to climb to, but there's never any time to Dodge the swift and sudden dangers of existence on Broadway.

Who would fear the harsh hyena who had ever chanced to meet And to mingle with a trolley crossing Forty-second street? One can kill a gaunt gorilla, but there's not a chance to save A memento when a rope breaks and a safe drops on the pave. Though the life in Scenegambia can't be classified as gay, Yes don't pungle in the jungle, and you MUST along Broadway.

HALL ROOM BOYS.



WHAT CAN A POOR WOMAN DO?

